

Three's a fight

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Summary: Once in a while, circumstances throws out a team of soldiers that blow life expectancy out of the water. Even ones that were supposed to die.

## 1. Chicken

\_\*Insert fan raving about not owning stuff here.\*\_

\* \* \*

><p>[Redacted]<p>

Covenant-loyalist controlled forest moon.

14 February 2554

Brutes.

Big, hairy, scary. That was what most humans who faced them thought of the simian-like soldiers of the covenant. They could take lots of damage and keep on going. A single swing could pulp a man's head and that didn't count the brutal weapons they were fond of using. And there were a lot of them.

Yet for all their fear inducing properties, there was one thing that brutes shared with all other species. When burning, their flesh smelled like...

"Chicken."

The word made a man in SPI armor poking said burning body turn to the speaker.

"Everything smells like chicken to you." He casually noted.

The speaker nodded as he leaned on a tree, the wood bending slightly under the combined weight of him and his own SPI armor. "Aye. Then

again, I remember reading about how our head takes any new smells and finds the closest match. Chicken fits mostly."

"...That's morbid. So when I'm eating chicken, I might be actually eating something that I have never tasted before?" His counterpart complained, making his way past dense undergrowth towards him.

"Aye. Have fun chowing down then."

Their conversation was cut short by a crackling radio. "Cut the chatter boys. The patrol should be coming. Soren, get to your position. Aden, set up yours."

The speaker chuckled. "You heard her. Get to your post." He echoed.

"Next time Aden, I draw straws first." His fellow complained, disappearing off into the trees.

The man laughed again and picked up a helmet next to him. He put it on and grabbed a rifle, the long, exotic design made clear it's non-human origins. The man carried it with casual experience.

"You got a good down wind. The brutes will be getting lovely whiffs of their own." The radio continued, now contained within the armor.

"Maybe if we placed it closer to their base, they will get hungry and eat each other." Soren noted, also using the radio.

Aden grinned. "I'll pay to watch that." He added, slowly moving towards a depression on the ground. Dry leaves broke quietly under his armor as he made his way through overgrown ferns and rotting logs. He climbed around a large root and lay in the depression, freezing like a statue.

"I'm in position. How about you partner?" He questioned.

Soren grinned, silently breaking the neck of a jackal, the avian-like alien dying with a light snap. "Just clearing out the local shrubbery. Thing really get messy when you don't manage the garden well." He returned, retrieving the dead jackal of its ammunition.

"Right, nothing on the comms. Proceed as before. Aden, how's the charge in your beam rifle?" The radio continued.

The prone man checked his weapon. "Enough to take on every member of the patrol. Not counting my sidearm."

"Soren?"

"6 full magazines, counting the two I liberated. A half charge plasma pistol. That jackal was a stingy one." He returned, settling in between a pair of trees overlooking a trail.

"Right. Don't fire your carbine until they got your back turned towards you. We want this as dishonorable as possible."

"Lady, this turned dishonorable the moment we stepped on this planet." Soren answered, aiming his Type-51 carbine at the trail.

A growl made him grin. Almost perfectly, a group of covenant troops appeared on the trail, each distinctly different. The large brutes, towering over their subordinates in their power armor. The stumpy grunts, waddling along carrying their methane tanks.

All walking into a trap.

"I count 3 brutes, 1 major 2 minors, 9 grunts, all minors. Tagging." He noted, highlighting each with a red outline and a icon for the different ranks.

"I got them. Targeting the major." Aden returned, looking at the same red outlines from his position. He took aim at the head of the only different icon and smiled.

The brutes stopped and sniffed the air. They growled as they smelled the burning flesh of their kind. With a angry roar, they turned and sped up, moving towards to the source. The major barked at the grunts, ordering them to follow faster.

"Distraction's working. They are deviating." Soren returned, aiming at one of the grunts methane tanks.

"Pulling trigger."

\_Szzp!\_

The comical discharge of the rifle didn't make it's effects any weaker. The power armor of the brute major failed immediately, disintegrating even as the beam continued along, cleanly blowing a hole through the head of the brute and continuing on. The alien was dead before he realized it.

Soren followed immediately with a shot of his own, the radioactive pellet of his carbine penetrating and detonating a grunt methane tank. The grunt was sent airborne by the explosion, his compatriots scattered by the blast.

All this in less than 3 seconds.

The two remaining brutes roared in rage and confusion. Suddenly their pack leader was dead and there were explosions. They fired blindly into the trees, emptying their spikers at the unseen enemy.

Aden simply grinned wider. He aimed at one of them, breathed out and fired.

\_Szzp!\_

Another dead brute.

His partner kept his own fire, taking out grunts with precise shots, pellets burying themselves in brain cavities.

The remaining brute roared at his rapidly dying troops. He tracked the sounds, spotting the distinctive flash of the carbine.

With a primal roar, he went all fours, entering the berserk rage that all who fought them feared.

Soren simply shifted targets. "We got a angry one." He quipped, waiting for his partner's answer.

A beam of ionized particles lanced across the air, spearing into the brute's armor. The raging alien ignored the hit even as the beam disintergrated its armor and sliced through its flesh.

Pinging a split second thanks to his partner, Dutch fired, pumping pellets into the charging alien. Yet the brute continued, shrugging off hit after hit.

Dutch hissed as his weapon clicked on empty. Switching to his sidearm, he held down the trigger, letting the weapon glow with suppressed energy.

The alien was almost on top of him. With a primal roar, he smashed downwards, the bulging muscles on his arms clear through his fur.

Soren simply rolled out of the smash, the fists pounding on empty. Before the brute could swing after him, he was already up, hand still holding the charged pistol.

The brute roared again and charged him, spittle flying from his mouth. Soren grinned under his helmet and stood still, ready to meet it.

Just before collision, he slid towards the brute. Powerful fists smashed around him as he jabbed the pistol into the mouth of the brute, releasing the trigger.

Brutes were tough enough that they could resist at least 2 charged shots from a plasma pistol to the body. To the mouth? Not so much.

The plasma discharge flashed out the mouth of the alien and even managed to take an infinitesimal notch off his shield display. Still, momentum made the brute continue moving, tumbling over Soren to stop behind him.

The man quickly got back up, his pistol aimed at the brute again. But the alien was dead, steam coming from its mouth.

"Target pacified." He announced.

"Same on my end. Just with an extra s." Aden returned. "Those grunts were kind enough to be practice."

"Boys, we got chatter. They noticed that."

"You heard the lady. Go grab the ammo and we'll head on home."

Soren grimaced. "Why am I always on cleanup duty?" He complained before trudging over to the brute. He kicked the dead alien before retrieving it of its spiker ammo.

"A better question is why do you choose a medium to short pole? I got a longer pole to hit people with, hence I should stay behind." Aden quipped.

"You know me. I take too long to shoot."

"Your too long is a normal person's too short."

Soren chuckled. "Semantics. We aren't normal people."

And then the world exploded.

\* \* \*

><p>Spartan III SPI armor was like a sad younger brother, Soren mused.<p>

It really was, without the physically enhancing capabilities of the older MJOLNIR armor. Granted, his had energy shielding and a pretty good camouflage. But it was still outclassed by the spartan II armor.

Still, it performed it's job well, which was probably why he was still alive in the middle of a series of glassy craters. Sure, there was a burning branch on him, his shield display was screaming at him and he could feel a slowing rising heat but hey. at least he was still alive.

"Partner, you still there?"

He grunted as he pushed off a burning log. "Somewhat. I think I lost my awareness though."

Aden chuckled. "Aye, you did. Plasma mortars don't leave much around." He quipped, trekking through the craters to him.

"Must have zeroed their weapons on the patrol. Once the patrol died, fire away."

"The damage assessment team is probably on their way already." Aden continued, giving Soren a hand. "Probably expecting a fight too."

"Let's disappoint them then. The lady's waiting for us." Soren returned, accepting the help to stand up.

"Aye, she is. She's still asking about you."

"Really? Wow, this armor really took a hit didn't it?" Soren added, slapping his helmeted head. A fizzle blared in his ears before a worried voice filled it.

"Is he okay Aden?"

"Calm down ma'am. I'm fine. We're leaving the zone now." He dryly answered, as the duo quickly returned into the forest. They picked up their pace as they heard the distinctive hum of covenant dropships approaching.

"Partner?"

"Yea?"

"Good to know that mortars dislike hitting you."

Soren chuckled. "It is what it is."

\* \* \*

><p>Base camp<p>

The journey back was long. At least 2 hours of constant trekking brought them back to where the duo based themselves.

The distance wasn't exactly the furthestest of distances. But they moved through difficult terrain into a small mountain range, where the going slowed down to a crawl. At time, they stopped, letting their armor blend with the background as they strained to hear for any sound of aircraft.

But the end was in reach, as the two walked through a break between two cliffs. A soft whir followed their footsteps, the sound coming from under a overhang.

They faced a cave, pure blackness amongst sunlit walls. Casually, they entered, their armor blending with the lack of light. Memory made them turn a corner, following movements of years past.

And the duo were back in light. Artificial, this time.

The cave was filled with various military equipment. Weapons and their ammunition lay stacked against the walls, almost all of them of alien design. Glowing plasma batteries hummed from a hole in the floor, thick wires rising from it. And all the way to the back was a table of shining consoles, wires haphazardly connecting different consoles together. A trio of cots lay next to them, like a insignificant side note.

Standing facing the consoles was a woman, shoulder length brunette hair illuminated against the different lights. She manipulated the different consoles, watching the different displays. At the other end was a covenant engineer, the floating alien paying no attention to it's supposed enemies as it managed the mess of consoles.

At the sound of footsteps, she turned on her heels, facing the two men who had returned.

"Armor off." She snapped, grey eyes stormy.

Soren sighed." Ma'am, I'm fine. The armor held up all the way back."

"Off. now."

The addressed man sighed before taking off his helmet. A pair of blue eyes glanced exasperatedly at her from below a mess of chocolate hair.

The movement made the engineer look up and chirp energetically. It crossed over the displays and floated over to him, it's tentacles reaching for the armor. The appendages started to break apart the armor, Soren resigned to it.

Aden's armor shook lightly.

The woman faced him too. "You too."

He sighed before complying. Wounded brown eyes stared at her under another mess of blond hair.

"I seen threes die from being next to a plasma grenade. A plasma mortar barrage? Hell, you shouldn't be existing ." She mused as she turned back.

"Luck ma'am." Soren returned. "A gratuitous amount of luck."

"Goddamn it. What did I say about off the field? It's just the three of us here." The woman snapped, grabbing a flashlight. The woman pushed the engineer aside, the alien huffing but continuing its task.

"Yes Nora." Soren sighed, as said woman shined a light into his eyes.

"No visible damage. You lucky bastard." She whispered.

"That's good. It would be a real shame to have to chalk only one board." Aden quipped as he grabbed a tacpad from the floor. Turning it on, he tapped twice on the screen, whistling at the information he got.

"Partner, it's been four years to the day now." He announced.

Soren grinned. "So it is. I think we blew the headhunter life expectancy out of the water."

"Aye."

\* \* \*

><p>Well, here we have it. Call it a test run for an old fandom that i finally worked up the urge to. Hopefully, you liked it. If you did or you didn't, a quick review willl help me tremedously.<p>

## 2. Little Scuffles

\_A long fight. Because storylines needs bullets\_

\* \* \*

><p>Nightfall<p>

Nora watched the night sky.

Countless stars lit over her. In another time, it would have been relaxing. But all she could do was wonder how many of those stars lit up balls of glass, their surface scorched clear of every trace of human inhabitation.

4 years, she mused. 4 years since that fateful mission and the start of her stay on this forest moon.

\_"Sir! What the hell are you doing?!"\_

\_"Stand your ground lieutenant. Someone got to survive this, wait for the help to arrive."\_

\_"Goddamn it Sir! There is no help coming! Open the door!"\_\_

><em>

>She breathed out a shuddering breath as she smiled to herself.<p>

4 years. She wondered if that was worth the life of her fellow soldiers. The lives of an entire prowler crew for a single lieutenant.

Perhaps, in this war, it was more than sufficient.

She turned back and entered the cave, returning to the base camp. Inside, she examined the displays, looking in particular at a holographic recreation of the surrounding terrain, ignoring the engineer working on it. Her eyes focused on a red dot moving slowly across the display.

"Bait."

She turned to see Soren leaned against the wall, half shrouded by darkness.

"They're trying to see if we'll bite. As usual. "He continued.

"Can't sleep?"

"Already did." He returned. "Feeling like suiting up and being look out for a while."

"Get the engineer to help you."

"I think I shall. But first..." Soren trailed off before grabbing a beam rifle beside him and firing at the entrance.

The beam flew through empty air before seemingly stopping at an invisible wall. The invisible turned visible, as a brute and its destroyed armor, flopped dead on the ground, head spotting a hole.

The discharge made the engineer squeal before a light caught its attention, returning back to its task. Nora just stared at the corpse.

"I heard it sneak in after you. Must have been following us ever since the patrol." Soren quipped, moving up to the body, his weapon still trained on it.

"How did you miss it?" Nora questioned shakily. She was outside close to a brute and didn't even know it.

"That what I like to know." Soren returned. He examined the armor, whistling at the find.

"See this?" He informed, picking up a piece of the armor. "We have a



stalker ultra here. Real experience to have gotten that. Explains why he was able to out sneak us."

"Which means that phantom wasn't bait. It was a relay." She returned.

"And we got house guests coming." Aden quipped, looking at the displays, as a series of dots appeared at the edge of it.

Nora growled. "It had to be today, isn't it?"

"We prepared for it. Partner, turn on the lights." Soren said as he grabbed his armor pieces. The engineer looked up from its place and chirped, before floating to him.

Aden nodded before tapping on the displays. A louder hum came from the hole in the floor as the plasma batteries glowed brighter and blue dots appeared on the holographic display.

"Ma'am, we need to get you moving." He quipped as he tapped a different display, causing a light explosion that broke a section of the back wall.

Nora glared at him. "Why?" She growled.

"Protection of assets ma'am. As an former prowler crew member, you have certain information that may benefit the enemy. We have to get you moving out of here."

The woman clenched her fists. "No. And four years is a long time. All the information I have will be useless."

"Outdated or not, we have to assume that the war is still on going and the things you know might help the enemy. You have to move ma'am."

"The hole will take you to an underground river, where it will emerge on the other side of the range. We scouted this hole before we sealed it up and it's a safe journey the whole way. Once we bought enough time, we pull back too." Soren added, fully armored up.

"Absolutely not. I didn't last four years just to run away. I'm staying and that's an order." Nora growled.

"Ma'am."

"Besides, we know what brutes do to prisoners. I won't have any opportunity to give them anything anyway." The woman commented, voice resolute.

The two men glanced at each other. Nora could feel the silent communication between the two, the conversation of eyes that was as loud as words.

"Fine. Ma'am, you'll run the lights. Tell us when any one goes out." Aden informed as the engineer turned to him.

"I'll go give first greetings." Soren announced, picking a fuel rod and its glowing green ammunition. A carbine went onto his back, ammunition included.

"Well then, let's get this started."

\* \* \*

><p>The phantom drop ship hummed over the mountain line.<p>

Inside, a cacophony of nervous barks, eager growls and rapid squawks filled the air. The brutes in particular shook with an animalistic fever. The chieftain had offered promotion to the first one that brought him a piece of a demon.

Their antsy movements caused the rest to keep a wide berth from them. A particularly unlucky jackal received a cuff in its head from a snarling brute, relieving his impatience on the lesser alien.

A series of barks from the pilot brute made them howl as the doors along the side opened. They readied their weapons, the gunner grunts moving to their weapons.

Roars heralded their coming.

Soren welcomed it.

The Spartan 3 waited as he watch the alien drop ship come closer for landing. His fuel rod cannon glowed in his hands, the light hidden under a covering of grass.

Slowly, he followed the drop ship progress, waiting for the right moment.

Finally, it slowed, the anti-gravity lift along its bottom lighting up. Eager howls came from the phantom as the first brute fought his fellows to the lift, pushing an unfortunate grunt out of the way. He descended as the lift activated.

He didn't get to touch ground.

Soren rapidly fired his weapon, green orbs sailing to the drop ship. Even with the slow speed of the projectiles, the distance was too slow for the phantom to dodge.

The first struck one of the engine turbines but it held. The second followed the first and caused the turbine to explode, sending flames billowing into the troop bay. The third impacted against the thick armor, doing no damage to the drop ship as it started to drop. The rest missed, as the phantom dropped out of the air.

The unfortunate brute was crushed by the crashing vehicle, even as more explosions came from the troop bay. Burning grunts and jackals ran out of the troop bay, their lack of full body armor their death. Every few seconds, a grunt would detonate, it's methane supply set off by the heat.

The remaining brutes stumbled out the phantom. The lucky ones had their armor only scorched by the flames while the rest lost their armor completely. All were screaming at the top of their lungs in confusion.

Soren chuckled. He switched to his carbine and took aim at a

particularly wide mouth.

"Night."

The pellet smashed through a fang before burying itself in the spinal cord of the alien.

The remaining brutes tracked the shot. With a roar, they cut loose, firing away at the spartan.

"Sup." Aden radioed in on their private channel.

A beam of energy streaked through the air, neatly burning holes through the heads of two brutes.

"How's the princess?" Soren questioned as he eliminated another brute.

"Simmering. You know how she is." Aden noted, targeting the armored brutes.

"Without armor, a single spike will shred her. With armor too actually." He returned, finishing off the rest.

"A trio of phantoms just appeared." Nora informed, a pleading tone in her voice.

"Understood, we'll handle it." Aden answered, before switching back to the private channel. "She just doesn't want a re-enactment of when we found her."

"Preservation of assets. Her head and what's in it is a gold mine to them. If we can get her back home, it's was and will be a loss to the other side." Soren answered, reloading his fuel rod.

"Aye. If we get back. She was supposed to be our way home." Aden noted.

"A crew of the way home. Then again, she is the last member of her prowler crew so I'll give you that. But the same still applies. Hers over ours."

"Hmm." Aden finished, aiming at the approaching phantoms.

Soren waited, aiming his weapon at the drop ships while Aden fired through the open side bay doors. The shot drilled into a grunt's methane tank and detonated it, sending fire and aliens out the doors.

The phantoms slowed in midair, before landing. Their complements hurried to the bay doors, eager to get out of the vehicles.

Soren fired away with his fuel rod. He targeted squads first, scattering them as Aden took out leaders. The landing zone was a carnival of covenant, with grunts running scared all over the place.

Soren clicked his tongue appreciatively as a shot took out a trio of brutes. "I wonder, are we going to run out of ammo or targets first?"

Aden chuckled. "We could always let the grunts run away of their own accord."

"I don't know. They could always run in our direction."

A barrage of plasma pistol shots drew their attention, as a phalanx of jackals emerged from behind one of the phantoms, their shields intersecting. Behind them, a brute roared orders, directing the running grunts to fight.

"They never learn." Soren mused before emptying his fuel rod. The phalanx folded immediately, running for their lives before the green shots even hit.

"I'm out." The Spartan three quipped before switching to his carbine.

"Shame. Watching stuff fly is fun." Aden answered, exchanging his depleted beam rifle for another.

"5 more phantoms on their way." Nor announced.

"Good. It was getting boring here." Aden answered, finishing off the last brute.

Soren watched the running grunts as their backs slowly got smaller. "We could steal a drop ship." He noted, surveying the idle vehicles.

"Could she get here in time?"

"Probably not."

Aden clicked his teeth. "That's out of the window then."

"Guys, one of the drop ships fell behind and activated it's gravity lift. Watch for special units." Nora continued.

"One thing at a time." Soren returned, as Aden started to fire at the drop ships

The phantoms hummed over their grounded brothers, stopping behind them. Their gravity lifts glowed into existence as the guns of the vehicles opened up, raking around the Spartans.

Aden fired methodically, firing at the landing troops. Grunt accuracy weren't the best and what plasma that actually hit him were held off by his shields, flashing gold with every hit.

Soren supported his partner, using his carbine to return fire on the gunners grunts themselves. Gradually, the plasma cannons fell silent to sharp barks of the carbine before the weapon directed itself at the troops on the ground.

Even then, the force on the ground grew, as the contents of 4 phantoms grabbed cover behind the grounded ones. Before long, the drop ships completely disgorged their contents and hummed for home, their purpose done.

"That's a lot of aliens down there." Soren noted, emptying his weapon into a exposed brute.

"Aye. They could rush us." Aden returned, firing only at the head of the brutes.

As if on cue, the entire force emerged from behind the phantoms, unleashing a storm of fire. Soren ducked as a charged plasma shot sailed past his head.

"Nora, ready the lights." He ordered.

\* \* \*

><p>Back at base camp, the woman hissed in frustration. She watched on the holographic display as the covenant force advanced on the two Spartans, the soldiers firing back.<p>

She slammed her hand on the display and watched as the lights turned green. At the same time, she spotted a series of dots that sailed across the air, traveling in an arc towards the fight.

"We got jump packs." She informed.

"Understood." Aden answered, the sound of battle accompanying his voice.

Her eyes returned to the fight, watching as dots representing covenant stopped moving and disappeared at a rapid rate.

\_Wait for the help to arrive.\_

"There is no help." She growled before walking to the weapon pile.

\* \* \*

><p>Back in the fight, Aden clicked his teeth as he beamed another brute in the head.<p>

The storm of fire had died somewhat, as the two Spartans gradually whittled down the aliens. Yet, there was still enough to overwhelm them, as the force advanced over their fellows dead bodies.

Soren reloaded his carbine as he watched a teams of grunts charge ahead of the main force. "We got a possible suicide squad."

"Hmm." Aden answered. "The lights should get them."

Around them, the ground moved. Camouflage sheet fell as plasma cannons glowed into visibility, moving on their mounts to dislodge the sheets. Wires connected the normally hand held weapon to hydraulics that moved the weapon, allowing it to independently move, while large cables sent energy to their barrels.

The improvised turrets all aimed at the oncoming grunts, humming in unison.

>Then, at some unknown signal, they fired.<p>

The wall of plasma bolts that greeted the grunts almost literally cooked them, their methane detonating in spectacular fashion. The

turret turned their attention to the main force, returning the storm of fire with their own.

Jackal shields and power armor failed under the assault, their owners soon after. The attack turned into another rout, as the covenant force folded under the power of plasma cannon fire and accuracy of the Spartans.

"6 more phantoms. They are throwing everything they got at us!"

Soren simply reloaded his weapon. "Well, waste not, want not."

"Those jump packs are probably gonna hit us at the same time." Aden noted.

"Good. At least it shows some sort of intelligence."

The duo watched the six drop ships approach them, their lights becoming less distant. Unexpectedly, the drop ships halted and landed further back, their contents piling out in a mess of lights.

"Hmm, they actually are preparing a proper assault." Soren quipped.

"Yea. In plain view." His partner returned before firing.

An unlucky captain ultra, chosen simply for his position, died instantly.

The shot galvanized the aliens into action, as they move forward into cover around the phantoms, using it as a staging ground. They fired back at the humans, a barrage of fire made to cover.

As more and more covenant reached the grounded drop ships, the troops started to advance. They inched forward, hunkering behind jackals shields.

Still, the two Spartans kept up their fire, taking out covenant left and right. Errant brutes, suicidal grunts and exposed jackals all died to their shots.

Still, the line inched forward, defiant to the death. By now, they had made their way into the kill zone of the turrets and those wasted no time, unleashing a storm of fire.

Even as bodies piled up by the dozens, a brute stepped forth. His elaborate armor, gold and red, signified his position as he heaved a fuel rod cannon of his own. With a roar, he fired, sending a blob of energy at one of the turrets.

The impact destroyed the weapon immediately, the power supply following in a flare of blue plasma.

"We just lost one. Chieftain with a fuel rod." Aden quipped, ignoring a charged pistol shot sailing past his head.

"Understood. The engineer is diverting power to the rest." Nora returned. The fire of the remaining turrets increased incrementally,

as their power cables pulsed slightly brighter.

The Spartan pair focused their fire on the chieftain, raining deadly fire onto him. The brute roared his defiance as jackal guards moved forth, overlapping their shields over each other to protect their leader.

"That might be a problem." Soren noted.

Behind the assault wave, a series of burning exhaust brought the presence of the jump pack brutes onto the battlefield. The ghostly howl of the packs as they flew through the air in a arc made them all the more menacing, if they weren't facing Spartans.

Aden simply aimed and took out one of the airborne brute from afar, grinning as his jump pack broke apart and crashed the body into the ground..

"You know. This might be the hardest force we ever fought." Soren noted, ducking from a stream of spikes.

"Aye. But we got a lot more ammo this time." His partner returned before throwing away his emptied rifle and picking yet another one.

Even as they continued their fire, a trio of blasts destroyed yet another cannon as the chieftain advanced with his jackal guards.

"2 down, six to go. And he's actually taking cover." Soren chuckled.

"Guys, that force is approaching the edge of the kill zone. Watch it."  
"Nora growled.

"Impressive. They died their way forward." Aden grinned, adding another body to the road of corpses in front of them.

"Someone must really don't like us." His fellow Spartan added.

As individual covenant started to pass the edge of the plasma cannons arc, their fellows followed suit. The entire line charged forward, the aliens eager to leave the barrage of plasma fire.

"Out of the pan..." One Spartan quipped.

"and into the fire." The other ended, manically grinning as he pressed a button.

As the force charged towards the humans, a line of small explosions blew dirt at them. Each revealed a hole, carefully dug and then sealed up.

Inside each one, connected to a wire leading back to the humans, a needler glowed bright pink.

The alien weapons unleashed themselves in a stream of pink death. Explosions tore throughout the line, as the covenant died from the detonation of the supercombined needles.

Soon more explosions started to ripple through the line, with grunts

and grenades detonating in a symphony of fire. Body parts flew everywhere, some managing to land on the spartans themselves.

That was the final straw, as the covenant force started to pull back in retreat. Of course, that meant that they ran the plasma cannons killzone once again and the survivors began to fall yet again.

"Now that was everything I hoped it would be." Aden cackled.

"If only I could take a picture." Soren added.

At the back of the retreating covenant, the jump pack brutes charged forward. Using their retreating comrades as distraction, they closed the distance with each leap, getting closer and closer.

"Some people are still brave." Aden grinned before shooting the aliens out of the sky.

A roar drew their attention to the ground, where the chieftain charged forward. His fuel rod forgotten, power armor half functional yet the alien still rushed at the Spartans, eyes burning.

"And stupid." Soren sighed before emptying his carbine at the alien. That drew its attention, fists smashing into the earth repeatedly while dashing at him. The two combatants charged at each other.

His partner turned back to the Jump pack brutes. Belatedly Noting that some were already mid jump away from him, he fired, taking out the closest few. The overheating whine of the weapon made him growl, throwing away the rifle for a more suitable weapon.

Landing with a thump, the first brute was met with a hail of bolt to the face. His armor failed instantly as the second shot riddled his face.

Still, there were a lot more brutes to take on, Aden mused, turning his dual maulers onto the next landing brute. That took another pair of shots to the face before dropping, his jump pack spluttering.

Yet the spartan was essentially fighting a cascade, with brutes landing in bigger numbers. A pair took four shot to dispatch, the slow fire rate of the mauler now a problem.

Dodging a alien smash landing, the spartan three shoved the weapon into the unprotected mouth and pulled the trigger. As the brute dropped, the tool that killed him followed, swapped for the spiker that he carried.

Aden fired his weapons into the next group of brutes, pulling back to better cover. He glanced over to his partner, who wasn't having any better time.

Soren rolled out of the way as the enraged chieftain smashed into a boulder. The rock cracked from the impact yet the brute simply turned and charged again.

"You are mildly annoying." The spartan hissed, grabbing a spiker from the ground and emptying it at the brute.

The alien shrugged off the spikes, his armor doing its job. His prey



avoided his charged again but the brute had smarted up. Stopping in mid-charge, he swiped at the soldier, sending him flying.

The spartan recovered from the hit, turning his landing into a roll. Reaching for a dead grunt, he grabbed a plasma grenade from its body and primed it, sticking the explosive to the grunt and throwing the entire package at the brute.

The grenade exploded in the brute face, followed by the methane in the grunt. The aftermath of the detonation shrouded the alien but Soren stayed alert, picking up a dropped plasma pistol.

The chieftain charged out of the smoke, his armor gone. The spartan fired his weapon, the shots burning the alien face.

It keep coming.

Aden growled as he struggled with a brute. The alien won, lifting the spartan with bare strength before throwing him.

As the spartan got over to get up, the brute pinned him with his foot. It triumphantly roar as it grabbed a spike grenade, lifting it to smash down.

The blast of a shotgun knocked him over.

The Spartan turned to see Nora, weapon in hand, as she dispatched the brute with a shot.

"You aren't supposed to be here." He growled as he got up, grabbing the brute spiker.

"So stop me." She hissed as the duo took cover from the rest of the jump pack brutes.

With the firing stopped, the duo popped out, firing their respective weapons. Both made note of the sound of explosions in the distance.

"Some sort of counterattack?" Nora asked as they both returned to cover. She threw a magnum to him and reloaded at the same time.

"From that far? I don't know and don't care." The Spartan 3 answered before popping back out, firing his dual wielded weapons.

Unaware of the addition of Nora to the fight, Soren hissed again at the chieftain.

"Come on, you ape."

If the insult mattered to the brute, it didn't care. It charged yet again, roaring through its ruined face.

Soren grabbed a spiker from the ground and waited. As the alien got closer and closer, he crouched, counted and threw himself forward.

He winced as the brute's fist smashed onto his chest plate, the shielding he had enough to prevent any major impact. Momentum

propelled the brute forward, continuing onward as the Spartan jammed the twin bayonets into the chin of the brute and depressed the trigger.

Pure inertia kept the two going as spikes filled the brute's head. Finally both slid to a stop and Soren crawled out under the corpse.

A quick check noted the piles and dead covenant and nothing else. He winced as he got up, spotting his partner and someone he didn't want to see.

"A single shot would have shredded you." He growled to Nora as she walked to him.

"Running away would have done worse." She answered.

The sound of a decloaking vehicle made them aim up. A green phantom shined back at them, spotlights focused on the trio. The gravity lift activated, just beyond the plasma cannon killzone.

"If you are going to shoot, shoot now." Aden shouted.

The phantom did nothing as the first passenger came down. A elite stared at them, keeping his distance.

"But we shall not. Impressive work humans. If you were of my kind, you would have been promoted." The elite answered.

"And since we aren't, you'll shoot us right?" Soren returned.

"Perhaps then but not now. The war is over human. I am not your enemy."

"Let me guess. You are our warden."

The answer made the elite tilt his head. "In a different time. Put your weapons down. I mean you no harm."

"The sangheili's right. Drop the weapon Spartans. The war is over." A man ordered as he appeared from behind the elite.

"Earth is safe. The fight is over." He smiled. "We won."

The two Spartan threes glanced at their female partner.

"I cannot follow that order. How do I know that this isn't an elite ploy?" She answered.

"Because Elites can't lie, lieutenant Nora Murray." The man answered.

"Would you like my AI to find your Spartans' names?" He finished.

That made the trio lower their weapons. "So we really won eh?" Aden chuckled. "Ain't that just peachy."

\* \* \*

><p>So how was it?<p>

End  
file.